

He had been mistaken, he said. He

They stopped the engines and visited the schooner in the dory. Not a scrap of food was there, and the fish kettle was scraped bright. They returned and went on. With plenty of coal there was still six days' run ahead to New Haven, with meat fuel.

There were three axes, two top mauls and several handspikes and pinch bars aboard, and with these they attacked bulkheads and spare woodwork and set the fire with the fragments for a

With the tools at hand they could not supply the wondrous fire fast

nough to keep up steam, and the engines slowed to a five knot rate. As this would not maintain a sufficient tension on the dragging schooner to steer by, they were forced to sacrifice the best item in their claim for salvage. They spliced the tiller ropes and steered from the pilot house.

However, Elisha made no entry in the log of the splicing, trusting that a chance would come in port to remove the section of wire rope with which they had joined the broken ends.

Fate became still more unkind. The logbook disappeared, and, the strictest search failing to bring it to light, the

conclusion was reached that it had been fed to the fires among the wreckage of the skipper's room and furniture.

Martin had raked and scraped together enough of food to give them two scant meals; but, these eaten, starvation began. The details of their suf-

The afternoon of the third day of fog the thumping, struggling engines halted, started, made a half revolution and came to a dead stop. Amos crawled on deck and forward to the bridge, where, with Ellish's help, he leaped on the whistle rope and dis-

ated the remaining steam in a wheezy, gasping howl. It was answered by a furious siren blast from directly astern, and out of the fog, at twenty knots an hour, came a mammoth black steamer. Seeming to heave the small tramp out of the way with her bow wave, she passed by at six feet distance, and in

en seconds they were looking at her vanishing stern. But ten minutes later the stern appeared in view as the liner backed toward them. The reversed English ensign still hung at the gaff, and the starving men, some prostrate on the deck, some clinging to the rails, unable to shout, had pointed to the

"There's a chance," said the captain of this liner to the pilot as he rejoined him on the bridge an hour later, "of international complications over this

to testify. That's the Afghan Prince and consort that I was telling you about. Strange, isn't it, that I should pick up these fellows after picking up the legitimate crew going east? I don't know which crew was the hungriest. The real crew charge this crowd with

"Yes, and had a good claim, too, for effort expended. But they've offset it by their violence. Their chance was good in the English courts if they'd

And then, too, they abandoned her in a more dangerous position than where they found her. You see, they met off Nantuxet with sea room, and nothing wrong with her but broken tiller ropes, and they quit her close to Sandy Hook in a fog, more than likely to hit the

"Tried to, but overran their distance. Chronometer must have been way out. I talked to the one who navigated and found that he'd never thought of asking for local attraction. Didn't han-

"That's tough. The salvage of that steamer would make them rich, wouldn't it? And I think they might

"Yes; think they might. But here's another funny thing about it: They needn't have starved. They needn't have chopped her to pieces for fuel. I just remember now. Her skipper told me there was good anthracite coal in

Minnesota flour, beef, pork and all sorts of good grub. He carried some of the rails in the 'tween deck for steadying ballast, and I suppose it prevented them looking farther. And now they'll lose their salvage and perhaps have to pay it on their own schooner.

"How many years would it take you to save money to equal your share of the salvage if you had yanked that ramp and the schooner into New York?" asked the pilot.

The liner did not reach quarantine until after sundown, hence remained here through the night. As she was lifting her anchor in the morning pre-

The Afghan Prince was coming toward the anchorage before a brisk southeast wind. Astern of her, held

schooner. Moored to her, one on each
 side, were two garbage scows, and at
 the head of the parade, pretending to
 tow them all, puffing, rolling and smok-
 ing in the effort to keep a strain on the
 bowline, and tooting joyously with her
 whistle, was a little dingy tugboat

He that wrestles with us strengthens
our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our
antagonist is our helper.—Burke.

